

CHAUNCEY

Chauncey, 16, is explaining women to his dejected friend Calvin. Note: Chauncey's thought pattern is a little jittery at times.

CHAUNCEY

Here's the thing about women, Cal: theyyyy smell good. Okay? They smell good. I was in this math class last year with Brenda Morrison, you remember Brenda? I sat behind her and by god almighty she was the best smelling woman I ever smelled -- not that I smell a lot of women, Cal, okay? I'm not some kind of serial woman-smeller. I just, you know -- you know, Cal, sometimes you're behind a girl in class and she smells like she was pelted with cupcakes. But that's the problem. Sometimes things smell good but they're not good, right? Sometimes you smell a flower but it's poisonous. Don't ask me for examples, I don't know anything about flowers. And sometimes women smell good, but they're evil. And one day, in that math class, I was smelling Brenda's cupcake head and she turned around and said, "What are you doing?" and I kind of mumbled and said, "Smelling you" and she said "What?" and I said "SMELLING YOU," but, you know, louder than I should have, because I was nervous or whatever, and then everyone in class was looking at me, and Mr. Phelps said, "What did you say, Chauncey?" like he didn't know -- the whole class knew but notttttt Mr. Phelps I guess, and I ... look, I was enchanted, I guess, I don't know, but it made me super honest -- I said, "I was smelling Brenda's hair," and Mr. Phelps said, "Why?" and I said, "Because she smells good," and everyone started laughing, and Brenda looked at me with this face ... not anger, but like ... genuinely frightened, and creaped out, and said as loud as she could: "YOU'RE AN ASSHOLE, CHAUNCEY," and she hit me, she like, hit me and she had these nails, Cal, I had a bruise for a week, and anyway Mr. Phelps made me and Brenda both go to the principal's office, and she ended up getting more in trouble for swearing in class than I did smelling her.

The point is: maybe you should ask someone else for advice.